

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

*K. Edw.* I, if thou say I to my request,  
No, if thou say no to my demand.

*Lady.* Then no my Lord, my sute is at an end.

*Glo.* The widdow likes him not, she bends the brow.

*Cla.* Why he is the bluntest wooer in Christendome.

*K. Edw.* Her lookes are all replete with maiesty,  
One way or other she is for a King,

And she shall be my loue or else my Queene.

Say that King *Edward* tooke thee for his Queene.

*Lady.* Tis better said then done, my gracious Lord,  
I am a subiect fit to iest withall,  
But farre vnfit to be a Soueraigne.

*King Edw.* Sweete widdow, by my state I sweare, I speake  
No more then what my heart intends,  
And that is to enioy thee for my Loue.

*Lady.* And that is more then I will yeeld vnto,  
I know I am too bad to be your Queene,  
And yet too good to be your Concubine.

*K. Edw.* You cauill widdow, I did meane my Queene.

*La.* Your grace would be loath my sons shold call you father.

*K. Edw.* No more then when my daughters call thee mother.  
Thou art a widdow, and thou hast some children,  
And by Gods mother, I being but a batchellor,  
Haue other some. Why tis a happy thing  
To be the Father of many children.

Argue no more, for thou shalt be my Queene.

*Glo.* The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

*Cla.* When he was made a shriuer, 'twas for shrift.

*K. Edw.* Brothers, you muse what talke the widdow  
And I haue had, you would thinke it strange  
If I should marry her.

*Cla.* Marry her my Lord, to whom?

*K. Edw.* Why *Clarence* to my selfe.

*Glo.* That would be ten dayes wonder at the least.

*Cla.* Why that's a day longer then a wonder lasts.

*Glo.* And so much more are the wonders in extremes.

*K. Edw.* Well, ieaft on brothers, I can tell you, her

*of Yorke and Lancaster*

Sute is granted for her husbands lands.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* And it please your grace, *Henry* y  
Taken, and brought as prisoner to your P

*K. Edw.* Away with him, and send him  
And lets go question with the man abou  
His apprehension. Lords along, and vse  
This Lady honourably.

*Maner Gloster, and speake*

*Glo.* I, *Edward* will vse women honorat  
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones  
That from his loynes no issue might succ  
To hinder me from the golden time I loo  
For I am not yet lookt on in the world.  
First is there *Edward*, *Clarence*, and *Henry*  
And his sonne, and all they looke for issu  
Of their loynes, ere I can plant my selfe.  
A cold premeditation for my purpose,  
What other pleasure is there in the worl  
I will go clad my body in gay ornaments  
And lull my selfe within a Ladies lap,  
And witch sweet Ladies with my words  
Oh monstrous man, to harbour such a th  
Why loue did scorne me in my mothers  
And for I should not deale in her affaires  
She did corrupt fraile nature in the flesh  
And plac'd an enuious mountaine on my  
Where fits deformity to mocke my bod  
To dry mine arme vp like a withered shr  
To make my legs of an vnequall size,  
And am I then a man to be belou'd?  
Easier for me to compasse twenty crown  
Tut I can smile, and murder when I smil  
I cry content, to that which greeues me  
I can adde colours to the Cameliion,